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## CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
Illustrations of Humanity. No. XXXIX.—The Happy Husband . . . . .	146	Anecdotes of Circumstantial Evidence . . . . .	152
Remarkable Italian Duel in 1664 . . . . .	147	The Hotels at Washington . . . . .	153
A Black Eye . . . . .	149	Literary and Moral Gems. Selected by a Lady for the London Saturday Journal.—No. V. . . . .	154
Autographs and Notices of Distinguished Persons.—No. XIII. . . . .	150	Frightful Avalanche in the Alps . . . . .	155
The Ridiculous Family. Translated from the French. Chapter I. . . . .	151	American Varieties.—No. XII. . . . .	155
		ORIGINAL POETRY:—The Power of Music . . . . .	156
		Varieties . . . . .	156

## THE HAPPY HUSBAND.



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[BARTHOLOMEW CLOSE:  
O

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF HUMANITY.

## No. XXXIX.—THE HAPPY HUSBAND.

OUR last pictorial illustration was on a very interesting subject, namely, that of marriage; and we now present our readers with an engraving on a subject which has a sort of necessary connexion with it, or rather bears the same relation to it that an effect does to its cause. The happiness of the parties ought always to follow the union of hands which takes place at the altar, though we are well aware that such is not uniformly the case. It is, however, we are convinced, much more frequently so than bachelors imagine. With the happy wife we have, strictly speaking, no present concern; our business is with the Happy Husband. We may be permitted, however, to remark by way of parenthesis, that, as we mentioned last week, wherever there is a Happy Husband, it follows as a sort of necessary consequence, that there must be a happy wife.

It is a common observation, and we dare say that like most of the apothegms in general circulation, it is in accordance with sound philosophy, that every wife wishes to be a mother. Some men's spouses, we know, profess to have no such wish; but these will invariably be found to be married ladies who not only are not, but have no reasonable prospect of becoming, mothers. And if we could only get at the bottom of the well in which truth is said to have taken up her residence, we have no doubt we should at once be in a condition to satisfy ourselves, that these childless ladies declaim against matrimonial "pledges," for precisely the same reason as the fox in the fable did against the grapes. Reynard discovered that the grapes were decidedly sour, the moment he became convinced of the hopelessness of the attempt to reach them. Married ladies who have no children, and see no probability of ever having any, display a corresponding alacrity in discovering that it is far better to be without them.

It is a reflection on the better feelings and holier aspirations of human nature to say, that any two persons can devotedly love each other and be legally united together, and yet not anxiously wish to have living and lovely illustrations of their mutual affection. If any such persons were really to be found, we would ask them to go and receive the language of silent but severe rebuke from the irrational creation. The birds of the air and the beasts of the field concur without an exception in furnishing us with the most conclusive proofs, that a love of offspring is one of the strongest instincts of their nature; one which grows with their growth, and strengthens with their strength, and only suffers extinction when the moment has arrived at which they themselves are destined to perish.

The love of children, though perhaps more intense in a woman's breast than in that of man, is nevertheless one of the most deeply implanted passions in his nature also. To be the father of one or more children is, in the infinite majority of cases, a *sine quâ non* to

a husband's happiness. To see a smiling cherub, and be able to claim its parentage, is indeed to realize a bliss beyond compare; a happiness far more pure and perfect than ever entered into poet's imagination, unless, indeed, that poet was himself the papa of one or more "little dears," ushered into being within the hallowed bounds of wedlock. And depend upon it, that he only can faithfully or felicitously paint the pleasures of the matrimonial state, who can boast of possessing offspring of his own. No one, indeed, but such a person has a right to enter the sacred territory; to all others it is forbidden ground.

Inexpressible are the pleasures of an affectionate husband and tender father, when he gazes on his lovely infant (as in our pictorial illustration) reclining in the lap of its mother, and looking up to her in all the innocence of its smiling playful countenance. The intense expression of maternal affection which lights up the countenance of the wife and mother as she reciprocates the happy glances of her infant's eye, crowns the bliss of the husband and father. Compared with this pure and elevated felicity, the highest happiness of him who lives in single seclusion must be misery itself.

We have a theory to propound in which we ourselves have been potent believers ever since our social position qualified us to form an opinion on the subject. That theory is, that when Socrates pronounced his celebrated eulogium on the felicity of the married state, which made the married part of his audience run home in breathless haste to their wives, and the single men to rush headlong into matrimony,—he must have painted with all the fascinations of his unrivalled eloquence, such a scene as that to which we have pointed attention, rather than vainly sought to portray. Mere abstract philosophizing on the blessedness of marriage, however able and ingenious, could never have wrought such wondrous results—could never have operated like a charm. Oh, no; the illustrious philosopher of antiquity must have recalled to the minds of the married men the supreme felicity which they had often enjoyed at their own hearths, as they saw their wives lavish their love and their kisses on their infant offspring, or as they themselves dandled the little cherubs on their knees. In the case of the bachelors, Socrates must have brought before their mental eye, with all the vividness and fidelity of a well-executed painting, the exquisitely delightful scene in the matrimonial panorama of every-day life, to which we have alluded. Barred, indeed, to all the better and holier feelings of human nature, must be the bachelor breast of him who could hesitate to enter the sanctorum of the married state after so faithful and powerful a picture of matrimonial bliss.

Not ourselves possessing even an infinitesimal portion of the talents or eloquence of Socrates, we can anticipate no such results from what we have said or could say in praise of matrimony; but as Miss Mary Cook has, in our artistical representation of the Happy Husband, thrown an atmosphere of pure and perfect bliss around him, we would ask our readers to transfer

their attention from what we have said to what she has done; and should the result be, to make any one of our wedded readers hurry home to their wives, or induce our bachelor patrons to form an immediate and fixed resolve to hasten with some lovely woman to the hymeneal altar, we shall feel that we are not without our reward.

#### REMARKABLE ITALIAN DUEL IN 1664.

WITH the exception of the celebrated challenge of Barletta in 1503, which induced thirteen Italian knights to fight as many French for the honour of their country, no duel in the kingdom of Naples, or indeed in Italy, ever made so much noise as that between the Count of Conversano and the Duke of Martina, which took place in the following century. The Hon. Keppel Craven, in his amusing "Tour in the Kingdom of Naples," has given a history of this encounter, which is here given with some additional particulars preserved in local tradition, or gathered from descendants of the two noble houses, who still flourish in the Neapolitan territories. The details are strongly indicative of the temper and manners of the times.

"The management of the sword," says Mr. Craven, "as an offensive and defensive weapon, was at that period (1660) not only considered as the most fashionable and manly accomplishment which a nobleman could possess, but was generally practised by all ranks of persons; for it is noted that, even at a less remote era, the fishermen of Taranto, after their daily labours, were wont to meet in the evening, and resort to the recreation of fencing. The custom of duelling, maintained in its full force by false notions of honour and prerogative—the inefficiency of the laws, and the errors of feudal institutions—contributed, no doubt, to ennoble this sanguinary art, and extend the prevalence of its exercise throughout the realm."

It was in these turbulent times that the Italians, and in particular the Neapolitans, acquired the character of being the best swordsmen in Europe—a reputation they still, in some measure, retain; though in modern times their duels, though frequent enough, have very seldom been murderous. The first drawing of blood settles the business, and it is rare among gentlemen that any thing further happens. It was far different with their ancestors—the Acquavivas, the Imperiali, the Pignatelli, the Colonnas, the Visconti, the D'Estes, the Ursini, the Belmontes, the Medici, the Corsi, the Lavelli, the Frangapani, the Dorias, the Cafarelli, the Mataloni, the Barbarini, the Gonzagas, the Caraffas, and the Galestas of the olden times.

The Count of Conversano, Marquis of Le Noci, and Duke of Atri, of the most ancient and noble family of Acquaviva, and the Prince of Francavilla, of the family of Imperiali, were the two most powerful barons in Lower Apulia. The Count, who came of a haughty and fierce race, was proud of his ancient descent, his numerous titles, and royal connexions. One of our Norman princes, on his return from Palestine, on passing through Apulia, was entertained at the castle of Conversano, where he became enamoured of a daughter of that house, and married her. Besides their immense possessions in Apulia, as dukes of Atri, the Acquavivas were lords of nearly one-half of the Abruzzi; and in the sixteenth century, they could travel for days without passing the bounds of their own territory, on which they exercised all the rights and privileges of feudal lords.

Some of their numerous castles were in extent and magnificence like royal residences. The stabling attached to the castle of Atri in the Abruzzi, had two hundred stalls;

and tradition reports that these used always to be filled, the old barons never riding out without a band of dependent knights and retainers, who were all mounted on steeds sprung from the noble breed that belonged to the counts of Conversano. This breed was ancient, and almost entirely of pure Arab blood. The noble stud was one of the last things the falling family parted with; but it was broken up, dispersed and lost in the course of those disastrous revolutions in Italy, consequent on the French revolution, and which completed the ruin of the ancient Italian aristocracy. A late traveller says, "I have had the somewhat melancholy satisfaction of riding a mare of the pure Conversano breed—the only remains of the stud which the present Count-Duke, then living at Naples, had retained. She was old, but still a superb animal. The head, neck, eye, the long springy fetlock, the clean and slender legs, were all truly Arabian; and even age had not cooled her spirit, or slackened her speed."

Mr. Craven describes the old Acquavivas as being tyrannical and violent—a race dreaded by their inferiors, and hated by their equals. But, in truth, they were rather magnanimous tyrants, exceedingly courageous, entertaining high notions as to the point of honour, and never crafty or treacherous. In the course of the invasions, revolutions, and counter-revolutions, to which their unhappy country has been a prey in modern times, they shed their blood freely on the field for the party they espoused, which was generally the national and patriotic one. In several instances they conferred great and lasting benefits on their country.

The Count Girolamo, the unfortunate hero of the duel we are about to relate, took a distinguished part in the suppression of that extraordinary insurrection at Naples in 1647, when Massaniello entirely overthrew the constituted authorities, and seated himself for a few days upon the throne of Naples.

The Prince of Francavilla, of the Imperiali family, hated the Count of Conversano with a most cordial hatred; and as they were neighbours in Apulia, their territories adjoining, they had plenty of opportunities for quarrelling. The Imperiali, who were of Genoese extraction, had the quality, common to the natives of Genoa, of economy and money saving, and the Prince was enormously rich in specie. This command of ready money gave him several advantages over the Count, who, though his lands were five times the extent of his rival's, had seldom many ducats in his castle, where hospitality was exercised on a gigantic scale, without any regard to expense. The proud Acquaviva was stung to the soul; and he declared to his retainers, that it was too hard that a fellow of Genoese extraction, of no antiquity or nobility of family, and who had only come into the kingdom with Charles V., should be allowed to beard the Count of Conversano in Apulia, where he and his ancestors had been lords for centuries. Words like these stung the Prince, and quickened his hatred, for he was as proud as the Count, and very jealous of his family honours, though the Imperiali, as their name denotes, had only come into Italy during the preceding century, and attained rank and wealth by attaching themselves to the Emperor Charles V. Their territories joined those of the Count, and the constant litigations arising out of their inordinate but ill-defined jurisdictions, were all superadded to the long list of mutual injuries recorded by both families. After quarrelling all their lives, they came to blows when they were both old men. The crisis happened in the capital one day as each of the noble rivals was driving in his carriage. After a long contest of words, the Count of Conversano delivered a formal challenge to the Prince: but he, knowing his opponent to be one of the best swordsmen in the kingdom, put forward his age and infirmities,



and declined the combat with swords—offering, however, to fight the Count with pistols. In order to force his rival to the field, Conversano leaned over his carriage, and struck the Prince repeatedly with the flat side of his sword.

The insult was offered on the Corso of Naples, and the government immediately interfered, and placed the aggressor under arrest, ordering them both soon after to retire to their respective estates. "But the feelings of unsatisfied hatred in the one," says Mr. Craven, "and of insulted pride in the other, were not likely to be allayed by this exclusion from the world; and in a short time the Prince of Francavilla proposed a champion in his cause, in the person of his sister's only son, the Duke of Martina, of the house of Caraccioli.

The Count admitted the substitution of this youthful adversary, and even agreed to a year's delay, that the Duke might finish his education, and perfect himself in fencing. The day was named, and the field of battle fixed at Ostuni,\* a small town in Lower Apulia, the jurisdiction of which had been furiously disputed by both noblemen. Dark hints of this singular duel got abroad, and the eyes of the whole kingdom were turned anxiously to the spot. The Duke was young, handsome, and accomplished; but so high was the fame of the gloomy old Count as a swordsman, that every one considered him as the sure victor.

"The Prince of Francavilla, actuated more by the apprehension of shame in the event of a defeat, than by feelings of affection for his nephew, endeavoured to insure success by the following stratagem: A gentleman who had been some time a retainer in his family, left it abruptly one night, and sought the Count of Conversano's castle, into which he gained admission by recital of injurious treatment and wrongs done him by the tyrannical and arbitrary temper of the Prince of Francavilla. The Count not only admitted this gentleman to the full enjoyment of his princely hospitality, but having found that he was a dexterous swordsman, passed great part of his time in practising with him that art which he hoped would soon insure him a triumph over his rival. A few days previous to that fixed for the duel, the guest, under pretence of visiting his relatives, withdrew from the Count's territories, and secretly returned to those of his employer, where he lost no time in communicating all the peculiarities and advantages repeated experience had enabled him to remark in the Count's manner of fencing. The Duke of Martina was taught that the only chance of success which he could look to, was by keeping on the defensive during the early part of the combat; that his antagonist, though avowedly the most able swordsman in the kingdom, remarkable for his strength of wrist and arm, was yet apt to be exceedingly violent; and that if he could parry the thrusts made in the first attack, he might, perhaps, obtain success over an adversary who would become exhausted from violence of temper, and his advanced period of life.

"The Duke of Martina waited in calm anxiety for the day of battle. On the morning of the combat he made his will, confessed himself, and took an affectionate farewell of his mother, who retired to her oratory to pass the time in prayer. The Count of Conversano, on the other hand, ordered a sumptuous feast to be prepared, to which he invited his friends and retainers after the fight; and carelessly taking leave of his wife, said, in allusion to his adversary's youth and inexperience, 'Vado a far un capretto.' They met in an open space before the monastery of friars at Ostuni; but the monks, by their intercessions and prayers, prevailed upon the combatants to remove

to another similar spot of ground in front of the Capuchin convent in the same town, where the bishop and clergy, carrying the host in solemn procession, attempted in vain to dissuade them from their bloody purpose. They were dismissed with scorn, and the duel began. It was of long duration, and afforded Martina an opportunity of availing himself of the counsels he had received. When he found the Count began to be out of breath, and off his guard, he assumed the offensive, and having wounded him, demanded if he was satisfied, and proposed to desist from any further hostility; but, stung to the quick by this unexpected reverse, the Count refused all offers of accommodation, and rushing upon Martina, received a second wound, which terminated the contest together with his life."

It was quite as well, or perhaps better that the Count died in the duel, for the subtle and cowardly Prince of Francavilla fearing that, in spite of all precautions, his nephew might fall, had posted a strong band of assassins to waylay and murder Conversano on his way home, had he come off victorious at Ostuni.

This fatal duel did not end the strife and animosity of the two Italian houses. The Duke of Martina met his death in a mysterious way at Naples, a few years afterwards; and in fact the old feelings of hatred and rivalry had not been forgotten towards the close of last century.

"The sword which the Count used in this fatal duel, a long and very heavy rapier of Spanish make, with a Spanish motto inscribed along the blade, is, or was, a few years ago, in the present Count of Conversano's small but curious collection of old arms at Naples, in the Palazzo Stigliano Colonna."

Some descendants of Martina's, or at least members of the same family, were also resident in the Neapolitan states, a few years since.\* The unfortunate Prince Francisco Caraccioli was also of this noble Italian house. There is now little doubt that this poor old nobleman was sacrificed by Nelson to favour the Neapolitan court, and his death will remain a lasting blot on the fair fame of our great naval commander. The Prince's story is as follows: In 1799, when Ferdinand of Naples had been driven from his dominions by the French, he was obliged to take refuge in Sicily, and the Parthenopean republic was established. Prince Caraccioli had been permitted by his sovereign to return to Naples to endeavour to save his large estates; but while here, he was almost compelled to enter the service of the republic; and we find him, however reluctantly, in command, for a few weeks, of part of the republican forces, serving against the Sicilian-English fleet. Cardinal Ruffo, however, bore down all opposition, and entered Naples in triumph, tearing down the republican, and hoisting the Bourbon standard. Caraccioli endeavoured to escape, but was discovered in the disguise of a peasant, and carried on board Lord Nelson's ship. The rest is too well known. To gratify the private enmity of some members of the Court, and of Lady Hamilton, Nelson issued an order to assemble a court-martial of Neapolitan officers on board the British flag-ship, and proceed to the Prince's trial. The trial lasted for two hours. He was found guilty, and sentenced to death by hanging, when the body was to be cut down and thrown into the sea. Caraccioli, now nearly seventy years of age, urged various pleas in his defence, but in vain. He expressed a hope that the few days during which he had been forced to obey the French, would not outweigh forty years of faithful services to his country; and when he found that remonstrances were useless, he entreated that he might be shot.

\* Ostuni is on the Adriatic, in a highly bold and picturesque situation. It is a perfect nest of wild flowers, and shrouded in olives and vines.

\* The Marquis de Caraccioli, the friend of Marmontel and D'Alembert, was one of them. He was Neapolitan ambassador at the court of London about 1750.

"I am an old man, sir," said he to the lieutenant; "I have no family to lament me, but the disgrace of being hanged is dreadful." When this was reported to Lord Nelson, he only told the lieutenant, with much agitation, to go and attend to his duty. The sentence was carried into effect the same evening at five o'clock, on board the Sicilian frigate "La Minerva," by hanging him from the fore-yard-arm till sunset, when the body was carried out to a considerable distance, and sunk in the bay, with some large shot attached. Such was the fate of the unfortunate Prince Caraccioli, a connexion or descendant of one of the parties in the duel which we have related, and a member of one of the most distinguished families of southern Italy.

P. R.

### A BLACK EYE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the stern characteristics of his nature, man, when in the presence of a female, feels that he is in the society of a being who at once commands his respect and veneration. When abroad amongst his companions, he may rave, bluster, and be quarrelsome; but no sooner has he left these companions, and entered into the society, it may be, of his mother, sister, or wife, than he feels at once subdued, and confesses to himself, that here, at least, there is no room for him to show off his quarrelsome propensities. It is well for mankind that females possess this power; for if it were otherwise, often would they have to lament the effects of their own inconsiderate conduct, as exemplified in the following tale.

Jean Watson was the daughter of most respectable parents, who kept a chandler's shop in a pretty considerable-sized village in Aberdeenshire. While in her youthful years, her parents lost no opportunity of giving her the best education which their circumstances, and the village where they were located, could afford. These instructions were not lost upon their daughter; for, as she advanced in years, she carried with her the respect of her teachers, as well as of every other person who had the pleasure of enjoying her acquaintance. Combined with a natural sweetness of disposition, she added that of a cheerfulness and buoyancy of spirits in executing the commands of her parents, that could not fail of exciting their warmest approbation. Jean, being an only daughter, and her mother being of rather a delicate constitution, was never sent to service of any kind, her parents finding plenty of exercise for her talents as a housewife within their own domestic circle. When about eighteen, Jean presented the very *beau ideal* of a village beauty: her pure and delicate white skin looked like alabaster; her features regular; while her flowing jet black hair, which hung in ringlets from her temples, gave her altogether an appearance of the most interesting description.

About this period, a circumstance happened, which materially affected her condition throughout the after part of her life. A young man, named William Hatherton, a millwright by trade, and foreman in a large establishment in Aberdeen, had been sent to superintend the erection of a thrashing mill in the immediate neighbourhood of the village where she resided; and arriving late in the evening, he experienced considerable difficulty in procuring lodgings; but, at length, trusting to the dignity which he supposed attached to his situation, and to his own respectable appearance, he ventured into the shop of Mr. Watson, and inquired if he could accommodate him for a short time, until he had more leisure to look about for another place. Mr. Watson, after inquiring into the nature of his business in the village, at once acceded to his request, by granting him the use of a small spare room in his own house. Having got himself once established, William Hatherton

showed no disposition to remove; and it was soon seen that he had more attractions than the comfortable room in Mr. Watson's house to bind him to his present quarters. In fact, an attachment had, from the first moment they saw each other, taken place between William Hatherton and Jean Watson, he being struck by her beauty and simplicity of manners; she by his manly appearance and openness of heart. Two months had scarcely elapsed from the time they first saw each other, until William was one night seen in Mr. Watson's own room asking his consent to give him his daughter in marriage. Mr. Watson was a little discontented at first about the losing of his daughter, but as he could see no personal objections to the young man, he, like a wise parent, thought it would be useless to throw any obstacles in the way of his daughter's happiness, especially as she had already bestowed her heart.

Having made the lovely Jean his wife, and finished his commission at the mill, Hatherton sought his way back to Aberdeen, where he took up a house in a respectable quarter of the town, and was most assiduous in his attentions to his young and interesting wife for the first twelve or fifteen months of his married life, during which period she gave birth to a young daughter. By degrees, however, he began to stay out late at night; and, on more than one occasion, his partner observed that on coming home he was considerably the worse for liquor. Jean, in the simplicity of her heart, took no great notice of this, as she thought it a trifling matter, more especially as he generally had some excuse, such as that he had been detained by business on his employer's account, and of course, as is usual on such occasions, there was a glass going, in order to make the business the more complete. This did very well for a time; but at length he began to go to his work at the time he should have been coming home to breakfast; and, although Jean said nothing, yet she had her own fearful forebodings that every thing was not as her husband represented.

About two years after her marriage, she observed her husband, on the evening after one of his drowsy mornings, to be more than usually downcast; and pressing him in the most urgent and affectionate manner to tell her the cause, he gave her to understand, that he had lost his situation as overseer at the work. On hearing this piece of bad news, she felt sensibly affected; but instead of upbraiding him for his misconduct, as many others would have done, she showed the utmost solicitude in order to raise his drooping spirits. "Never mind," said she, "you can still have good employment as a journeyman; our family is not large, our wants are few, and by good management we shall still be able, with the blessing of God, to keep ourselves in a respectable manner. Bear up, my dear William, with your misfortune, like a man; it is the part of a coward to sit and repine."—On hearing this touching appeal, William Hatherton burst into a flood of tears, and eagerly embracing his affectionate wife, he vowed with an oath, that he would make amends for his past misconduct towards her by his future good behaviour and attention to his duties at home. But, alas! how vain and impotent are the firmest resolutions of men when they come in contact with the contaminating influence of intoxicating liquors! Instead of amending his conduct, he waxed daily worse and worse: his hours instead of being late, were generally early in the morning, and he was oftener than ever in a state of intoxication. But the worst feature of the whole to his wife, was the great alteration that was sensibly taking place in his temper. Formerly, when he came home, he was inclined to be good-natured and jocular,—now he was peevish and quarrelsome—finding fault with the most minute article

in the arrangement of the domestic economy in the house. Notwithstanding all the harsh usage of her husband, the dutiful wife never repined in the least; for although he was exceedingly ill-natured when in his cups, he generally showed her the greatest kindness when in his sober moments; and this circumstance led her to conjecture that she still had the right affections of her husband. In this respect she was soon doomed to meet with disappointment. On one occasion, he having, as usual, been along with some companions, and a quarrel taking place, from which he came off second best, he went home in such an angry mood, that nothing which his watchful wife did for him could allay his bad humour. Demanding his supper in the most peremptory manner, it was no sooner placed before him, than he immediately threw it in the grate; and on his wife remonstrating with him in the most gentle manner, he rose from his seat and struck her a violent blow on the face: shortly after, he fell into a profound sleep. Poor Mrs. Hatherton sobbed and wept aloud: she ran to the looking-glass, and there she saw that rapid discolouration was taking place on one of her eyes. She tried every remedy to stop it, but without effect; she sat down beside her unconscious husband, buried her face in her hands, and gave vent to the most heartrending wailings.

"I could have been content," she said, "to have lived with him through poverty, through sickness, or any the most direful calamity that could by any possibility have befallen us; I could even then have fancied myself happy, if I had only known that I possessed his affection; but to be struck by the husband of my bosom is more than I can endure. Oh, oh, oh!" and she wept yet louder and louder. Poor woman! the cup of her misery was not yet full. When he awoke from his feverish sleep on the following morning, he went to a closet where he generally kept a bottle of spirits; but finding it empty, he then ordered his wife to go and get some put into it. With great reluctance she obeyed the command; and placing the bottle before him, he drank first; and then, by way of making up friendship with his wife, he asked her to drink also; she took the poisoned cup into her

hand, and elevating it to her lips, for the first time during her life, she drank it off! He went to work; and shortly after a sympathising neighbour, who lived immediately below, and of whom there is generally one to be found in every neighbourhood, came in to ask what had been the matter on the previous night.—She told her sad tale in a few words, and in such simplicity of heart, while the tears flowed fast down her cheeks, that it would have moved the heart of a stone, if it had one, to hear the sad recital. Her sympathising friend recommended a glass of whiskey to recruit her sunken spirits, and generously offered her one out of her own bottle, which the disconsolate wife swallowed also; so that when her unmanly husband returned from his work, he found what he had never seen before—his ill-used wife considerably elevated with the liquor she had imbibed. This was the first attempt she had made in the broad road of dissipation and ruin; and it would have been well for her own sake and that of her offspring if it had been the last: such was not the case, however. Ever from the time on which her unfeeling husband had raised his hand against her, it would seem as if she had lost all command of herself; nay, she often expressed, that all the self-respect and honour of which she was ever possessed, had fled on that ill-fated moment. From that period her career in the drunkard's path was fast and furious; and when ordinary means failed to gratify her desire for intoxicating liquors, she then had recourse to the almost exclusively woman's practice of selling the furniture in the house to procure ardent spirits; and the consequence was, that these powerful stimulants, acting on a mind already too sensitive, threw her, after a severe drinking bout, into a state of delirium, from which she never recovered. She had to be confined in a lunatic asylum, where she died about six months after her admission.

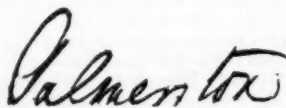
Her husband, who had been the unconscious instrument (he was in a state of intoxication at the time) of all this devastation and ruin, abjured the poisoned cup; and now lives the self-condemned, though unintentional, murderer of this once happy and virtuous woman.

#### AUTOGRAPHS AND NOTICES OF DISTINGUISHED PERSONS.—No. XIII.

WE begin our autographs this week with a nobleman who has long occupied a most prominent place in the eyes of the world—we allude to

##### LORD PALMERSTON.

His lordship is tall, and of athletic appearance. He has a remarkably fine forehead, and a handsome countenance of the oval form. He glories in his whiskers, which are of goodly proportions. The hair of his head is thin and of a brownish hue. Few men write a better hand.



His lordship is one or two years under sixty, though a person judging only from appearances, would suppose him to be five or six years under that age. He is passionately fond of place, and still more so of pay; and therefore it will readily be believed, that he regards his recent ejection from office as a heavy calamity.

##### THE EARL OF LICHFIELD.

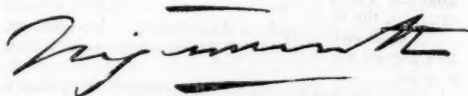
The noble earl, who was the late Postmaster General, writes a very singular sort of hand, and one which most people find no easy matter to read.



His lordship rarely takes any part in the proceedings of Parliament. He is about the average height, an intelligent-looking man, and in the meridian of life.

##### LORD TEIGNMOUTH.

How different is the hand-writing of Lord Teignmouth, late member for Marylebone, from that of the noble earl just mentioned!



He is a middle-sized man, both in height and circumference. His complexion is slightly florid, his hair of a sandy colour. His age is forty-five.



## THE RIDICULOUS FAMILY.\*

## CHAPTER I.

A YOUNG lady and gentleman, both remarkably elegant in their appearance, were leaning over the rails of the steam-boat plying between Nantes and St. Nazaire. Their glasses were directed towards the different groups of travellers dispersed over the deck, and they exchanged frequent remarks in a low tone. From their studied dress and peculiar accent, it was easy to perceive that they were Parisians, even had not their scoffing surprise at every thing they saw, betrayed them. The young man was possessed of an agreeable person, but appeared rather insipid, notwithstanding his whiskers à la Henri III., his long hair, and his whimsical cap, visibly intended to give him accent. He carried under his arm one of those small morocco portfolios, that as invariably designate an artist, as the pen behind the ear does a clerk.

The young lady was uncommonly lovely, and was habited with studied negligence. She had the freshness of early youth, but slight shadows under her eyes betrayed the frequency of late hours, and the fatigue of balls and parties. Her features were those of a girl, but her assurance announced the woman. Laughingly she was making some remark to her companion, when a new traveller appeared at the top of the main cabin stairs. The Parisians uttered a cry of surprise.

"M. De Sorel!" exclaimed the young lady.

The stranger looked up, in his turn made an exclamation, and advanced, both hands extended.

"You here, Garin!" cried he.

"Where then, in the name of wonder, do you come from?"

"From Spain."

"We from Paris."

"And you are going —"

"To Pornic."

"So am I."

These questions and answers succeeded each other rapidly, whilst Mr. De Sorel squeezed the young painter's hand, and kissed that of his companion. They then turned aside to chat more at their ease.

"And what happy event has brought you to Brittany?" asked the new comer of the two Parisians.

"In the first place, my sister's health, to whom sea-bathing has been recommended; and secondly, a desire to study your coasts. But you, who intended making the tour of Europe, how is it you are so soon back?"

"I was tired of acting the pilgrim; solitude weighed heavily on my spirits. I have determined to settle for life."

"And you are seeking a place in which to build your nest?"

"I think I have found it."

"Where?"

"At Pornic."

"At Pornic!" repeated the brother and sister, stupefied.

"Yes: I have an uncle residing there whom I have not seen since my childhood, but who has often entreated me to go and live with him. He is my only surviving relative, and I have decided upon accepting his invitation."

"What, Mr. Sorel," cried the young lady, "you can abandon Paris, renounce the Tuilleries, the Italians, the concerts, the theatre?"

"I shall have to replace them, the sea, the nightingales, and friends who will love me," replied the young man with a smile.

Bertha exclaimed against this decision. "It is all very

well for a month," said she; but what will you do afterwards, in a country where there are fields instead of roads, and trees instead of houses?"

"I give Sorel six weeks to be thoroughly tired of it," added the young painter. "But you come from Spain, you say; do tell us something about the war. Have you seen Maroto? Is it true that the queen's troops are obliged to make shoes of their hats? Tell us what you know and what you have seen."

At these words, Garin pointed out an isolated bench, towards which they all directed their steps.

Whilst they are sitting there, and Sorel is endeavouring to answer their numerous questions, we shall make our readers acquainted with the young stranger who has just been introduced, and who plays the principal part in this sketch.

Left an orphan in his infancy, Edmund Sorel had received a solid as well as brilliant education, at a Parisian institution. Master of his actions and of a considerable fortune, he neither abused his liberty nor his wealth. His was an upright mind, whose only failing was a slight degree of indecision. By frequenting the best society, his manners had become polished, and he knew how to preserve the just medium between carelessness and affectation.

The uncle to whose house Edmund was going, was his mother's brother. He had an only daughter, who had been destined from her birth to become the wife of her cousin, and Sorel had accustomed himself to think of her as such. He had not, however, seen her for some years, when his uncle wrote to him, saying that Rose had left the convent and awaited her *little husband*. Tired of his loneliness, and sated with Parisian pleasures, Edmund answered his uncle's letter, and announced his speedy arrival, and also his intention of remaining with them. This answer was looked upon as an assent to the long-cherished family project, and Edmund considered himself as a lover hastening to meet his betrothed.

His cousin, however, did not so much occupy his thoughts, but he was delighted at meeting with Garin and his sister. A sincere admirer of the talents possessed by the first, he was not less so of the wit and beauty of the young lady, who was considered highly accomplished, even in the drawing-rooms of the capital. All that insures success in society was hers: gaiety, love of pleasure, a little egotism, but surrounded by too many graces to be offensive, and just sufficient vanity to perceive and follow up her advantages.

When they had almost reached their place of destination, Sorel asked Paul Garin if he had secured lodgings for the time he intended passing at the sea-side. Paul was astonished; he had expected to meet with every accommodation for bathing, with billiards, reading-room, and ball-room, as at all fashionable watering-places. He was thunderstruck when Sorel told him that there was but one inn at Pornic, which was generally full, and a few peasants' cottages, always bired in advance. Paul and Bertha looked at one another.

"We must take the road to Dieppe, sister," said Paul in a tragical tone.

"But where shall we sleep to-night?" asked the young lady, much disappointed.

"Make yourselves easy," interrupted Sorel, "my uncle does not expect me alone,—a friend was to have accompanied me; you will take his place, and I think I can promise you a hearty welcome. Follow me to La Chèrrière for to-night, and to-morrow you can seek lodgings in the village."

They had no other resource; Paul accepted the invitation.

\* Translated for the London Saturday Journal from the *Magasin Pittoresque*.

Night was approaching when they perceived the dwelling of Captain Dubois. It was an old chateau, recently repaired, at the aspect of which the young painter uttered a cry of horror.

"What barbarian has demolished those turrets, enlarged those windows, and propped up the walls?"

"Alas! I fear it was my uncle," replied Edmund. "For twenty years he has inhabited the cabin of a brig, and I think him more accomplished in navigation, than in artistical architecture."

"Sacrilège!" muttered Garin, "to spoil that old ivy-crowned manor, that would have formed such a magnificent object in a landscape! and for what purpose? For his own comfort! Alas, we live in an egotistical age, Sorel; poetry and the picturesque are departing in company, and soon a painter will have no other resource than to fabricate signs for the company of innkeepers and tradesmen."

A deep sigh accompanied these words, and he almost regretted having accepted Sorel's invitation; he felt he could not like the man who had spoilt a romantic picture, and he entered the great gate of La Chèrrière with the most unfavourable prepossessions against M. Dubois. Bertha also exclaimed against the stones that strewed the path, and penetrated her delicate satin boots, and the brambles on either side that caught her muslin dress at every step. She really fancied herself among savages.

But it was far worse, when having entered they found themselves in a large yard, in which grass and weeds had been suffered to grow luxuriantly, and where twenty fowls were cackling. The door was guarded by an enormous mastiff, who, although chained, endeavoured to spring upon the young lady. She screamed, and was running back, when a voice from the door quieted the irritated animal: it was the Captain, who had perceived his guests, and was come out to welcome them.

#### ANECDOTES OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.\*

It is now thirty years ago, that, accidentally passing the Pack Horse, Turnham Green, my attention was attracted by a mob of persons of the lowest order, who were very loud in their execrations against some person who was suspected of having murdered his brother; in corroboration of which, I was told that his bones were found near the premises where he formerly resided, upon view of which a jury was then sitting, after an adjournment from the day preceding. I found that two surgeons had been subpoenaed to inspect the remains, and I had no doubt that every information as to their character had been obtained; curiosity, therefore, induced me to make way into the room, where I found that the coroner, and I believe, a *double jury*, were sitting for the second day, and were engaged in an investigation which tended to show that a farmer and market-gardener at Sutton Court farm had, a few years before, a brother living with him, who was engaged in the farm, but whose conduct was dissolute and irregular, to a degree that often provoked the anger of the elder brother, and sometimes begat strife and violence between them; that the temper of the elder brother was as little under control as the conduct of the younger; and, in fine, that they lived very uncomfortably together.

One winter's night, when the ground was covered with snow, the younger brother absconded from the house (for they both lived together), by letting himself down from his chamber window; and when he missed the ensuing

morning, his footsteps were clearly tracked in the snow to a considerable distance, nor were there any footsteps *but his own*: time passed on, and after a lapse of some few years no tidings were heard of his retreat, nor perhaps have there ever been since. Some alteration in the grounds surrounding the house having been undertaken by a subsequent tenant (for the elder brother had then left the farm,) a skeleton was dug up, and the circumstance appeared so conclusive that one brother had murdered the other, that popular clamour was raised to the utmost, and a jury empannelled to investigate the case.

After listening attentively to the details, I ventured to request of the coroner to be allowed to examine the bones, which I found were contained in a hamper basket at the end of the room, and I felt much flattered by his immediate compliance; for he desired the parish beadle, who was in attendance, to place them upon the table; and having myself disposed them in their natural order, I found that they represented a person of short stature, and from the obliteration of the sutures of the skull, and the worn down state of the teeth, must have belonged to an aged person. But what was my surprise when I re-constructed the bones of the skeleton, and found the lower bones to be those of a female! I immediately communicated the fact to the jury, and requested that the two medical men who had before given their opinions, might be sent for; one of whom attended, and without a moment's hesitation corroborated my report.

I need not add, that the proceedings were instantly at an end, and an innocent man received the *amende honorable*, in the shape of an apology, from all present, in which the coroner heartily joined. It has since been proved, beyond all doubt, that the spot where the bones were found, was formerly the site of a large gravel pit, in which hordes of gipsies not only assembled, but occasionally buried their dead, and perhaps more skeletons are yet to be found in that vicinity.

At the distance of thirty years, the narrator of the occurrence may well look back upon it with pleasure, and congratulate himself upon having been "the happy instrument in the hands of Providence of rescuing a worthy and innocent man from the obloquy, and perhaps the fate of a murderer."

Not so fortunate in its issue was the case which we subjoin to this, and which occurred in England previously to the reign of Charles II. The narrative is given in one of the early volumes of the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

A gentleman died possessed of a very considerable fortune, which he left to his only child, a daughter, appointing his brother to be her guardian and executor of his will. The young lady was then about eighteen; and if she happened to die unmarried, or, if married, without children, her fortune was left to her guardian and to his heirs. As the interest of the uncle was now incompatible with the life of the niece, several other relations hinted that it would not be proper for them to live together. Whether they were willing to prevent any occasion of slander against the uncle, in case of the young lady's death; whether they had any apprehension of her being in danger; or whether they were only discontented with the father's disposition of his fortune, and therefore propagated rumours to the prejudice of those who possessed it, cannot be known; the uncle, however, took his niece to his house in Epping forest, and soon afterwards she disappeared.

Great inquiry was made after her, and it appearing that on the day she was missing she went out with her uncle, into the forest, and that he returned without her, he was taken into custody. A few days afterwards he went through a long examination, in which he acknowledged that he went out with her, and pretended that she found

\* Communicated by Mr. Perfect, Surgeon, Hammersmith, to the "Lancet," a medical weekly journal.



means to loiter behind him, as they were returning home; that he sought her in the forest as soon as he missed her, and that he knew not where she was or what had become of her. This account was thought improbable, and his apparent interest in the death of his ward, and perhaps the petulant zeal of other relations, concurred to raise and strengthen suspicions against him, and he was detained in custody. Some new circumstances were every day rising against him. It was found that the young lady had been addressed by a neighbouring gentleman, who had, a few days before she was missing, set out on a journey to the north, and that she had declared she would marry him when he returned; that her uncle had frequently expressed his disapprobation of the match in very strong terms; that she had often wept and reproached him with unkindness and an abuse of his power. A woman was also produced, who swore that on the day the young lady was missing, about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, she was coming through the forest, and heard a woman's voice expostulating with great eagerness; upon which she drew nearer the place, and, before she saw any person, heard the same cry, 'Don't kill me, uncle; don't kill me;' upon which she was greatly terrified, and immediately hearing the report of a fire-arm very near, she made all the haste she could from the spot, but could not rest in her mind till she had told what had happened.

Such was the general impatience to punish a man who had murdered his niece to inherit her fortune, that upon this evidence he was condemned and executed.

About ten days after the execution, the young lady came home. It appeared, however, that what all the witnesses had sworn was true, and the fact was found to be thus circumstanced:—

The young lady declared, that having previously agreed to go off with the gentleman that courted her, he had given out that he was going a journey to the north, but that he waited concealed at a little house near the skirts of the forest till the time appointed, which was the day she disappeared. That he had horses ready for himself and her, and was attended by two servants, also on horseback. That as she was walking with her uncle, he reproached her with persisting in her resolution to marry a man of whom he disapproved; and after much altercation she said, with some heat, "I have set my heart upon it; if I do not marry him, it will be my death; and don't kill me, uncle; don't kill me, uncle;" that just as she had pronounced these words, she heard a fire-arm discharged very near her, at which she started, and immediately afterwards saw a man come forward from among the trees with a wood-pigeon in his hand, that he had just shot. That coming near the place appointed for their rendezvous, she formed a pretence to let her uncle go on before her, and her suitor being waiting for her with a horse, she mounted, and immediately rode off. That instead of going into the north, they retired to a house in which he had taken lodgings, near Windsor, where they were married the same day, and in about a week went a journey of pleasure to France, from whence, when they returned, they first heard of the misfortune which they had inadvertently brought upon her uncle.

So uncertain is human testimony, even when the witnesses are sincere, and so necessary is a cool and dispassionate inquiry and determination, with respect to crimes that are enormous in the highest degree, and committed with every possible aggravation!

[NOTE.—There are many such instances of the fallacy of circumstantial evidence on record; and it is to be feared that many innocent persons have been, by judges and juries trusting to it, convicted and executed.—ED. S. J.]

## THE HOTELS AT WASHINGTON.

THE hotels of Washington—at which strangers usually reside for a few days before they get into a boarding-house if they intend a long residence in the city, or where they remain entirely if their visit is a short one—are greatly inferior to those of New York, Philadelphia, or Baltimore; and the boarding-houses are still worse. In both the domestics are all negroes; and in the latter mostly slaves. They are generally dirty in their persons, slovenly in their apparel, and unskilful and inattentive in their duties.

In the boarding-houses, the members of congress, and other inmates who use them, occupy a separate bedroom, which they use for office, bureau, receiving-room, and all; and on passing by these, when the door is open, one sees a four-post bed, without canopy or furniture, the upper extremities of the posts not being even connected by any frame-work; and the bed pushed close up against the wall by the side, to leave the larger space in the rest of the room. A table covered with papers occupies the middle of the apartment, often with a single chair only, and that frequently a broken one; and around on the floor are strewn, in the greatest disorder and confusion, heaps of congressional documents, large logs of firewood piled up in pyramids, the wash-bason and ewer, printed books, and a litter of unfolded and unbrushed clothes.

The drawing-room of the hotel, or boarding-house, is used by all equally, and is usually in better condition than the private apartments; though, even in these, the dust of the wood fires (universal in Washington), the multiplicity of newspapers and other things scattered about, take away all appearance of cleanliness or elegance.

The eating-room is used for breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper; and a long table, spread out the whole length of the room, is kept *always* laid throughout the entire day and night. The process is this: the table is first laid over night, for breakfast; when this meal is over, however, the table is merely swept, so as to remove the crumbs, and the cloth, not being taken off, even to be shaken or folded up, is suffered to continue on for dinner; the only precaution used, partaking at all of cleanliness, being that of laying the dinner plates, which are put on the moment breakfast is over, with their faces downward, so that they may not receive the dust. Dinner is brought on at the appointed hour; but so unacquainted with comfort, or so indifferent to it, are the parties furnishing it, that no warm plates are provided; iron forks alone are used; the earthenware and glass are of the commonest description, and often broken; indeed, articles that would be thrown away as worn out in England, continue to be used here, broken as they are, and no one seems to think of repairing or mending; while the provisions are of the poorest kind, and most wretchedly cooked and prepared. The dishes are all brought to table without covers, and are consequently cold before the parties are seated; and, with the exception of now and then, but very rarely, a good fish (rock fish and perch) from the River Potomac, we never partook of any good dish of meat, poultry, or vegetables, during all our stay in Washington, though not at all fastidious in our taste, or difficult to please in this respect, preferring always the plain and simple in food, as well as drink. The table cloth used for breakfast and dinner remains on for tea, which is taken at the same long table, from common earthenware teapots, broken and smoked by long standing before the fire; and after supper the same cloth still remains on for breakfast the next morning, which is laid overnight, as soon as the supper is done.—*Buckingham's America.*

## LITERARY AND MORAL GEMS.—No. V.

SELECTED BY A LADY.

MOTS OF MADAME DE SEVIGNÉ, FROM HER  
CORRESPONDENCE.

## DEFINITIONS.

"I have lately taken it into my head to criticise several of M. de la Rochefoucault's maxims. I am now examining this,—'Gracefulness is to the body, what good sense is to the mind.' I demand at your tribunal whether it is easy to understand this, and what affinity or proportion there is between gracefulness and good sense?"

"I think words are often currently used in a very equivocal way, which, if we sift them, and it, will be found to assign a meaning to them very different from the true one, and not to convey the meaning which they appear to every body to convey. For instance, I request Mad. de Coligny to define gracefulness to me, and to point out the difference between it and elegance; to tell me also, the distinction between good sense and judgment; reason and good sense; genius and talent; whim, caprice, and oddity; ingenuousness and artlessness; complaisance, politeness, and civility; playful, pleasant, and droll. Do not waste your time in telling me these are only synonyms,—this is the language of the indolent or the ignorant. I am for defining every thing, good or bad."

## THE ANSWER.

"My daughter De Coligny and I, are not of your opinion in your criticism on the maxim, 'Gracefulness is to the body,' &c. We think M. de la Rochefoucault means, that the mind without good sense is as little agreeable as the body without gracefulness, and we hold it to be true. We think, also, that there is a difference between gracefulness and elegance; that gracefulness is natural, and elegance acquired; that gracefulness is pretty, and elegance beautiful; that gracefulness gains love, and elegance respect. M. d'Autun has thought us thus far right, except that he finds fault with elegance gaining respect. My daughter thought it better to say *esteem*, and we have all subscribed to it. For my part, I had considered good sense and judgment as the same, but Mad. de Coligny contends that good sense relates to the thoughts and expressions, judgment to the conduct. M. d'Autun agreed, and I was brought into their opinion. We all think that good sense, reason, and good understanding, are the same thing; that genius is general, and talent particular; that oddity is perpetual, and caprice by intervals; that it is a good quality to be ingenuous, and a defect to be artless; that it requires more wit to be polite, than to be complaisant; that complaisance has more solidity and extent than civility, which is only the appearance of it."

"Mad. de Coligny and I would fain have believed that drollery and playfulness or pleasantry are the same, but M. d'Autun has converted us, by saying that pleasantry often amused as much on serious as on comic subjects; but that drollery made us laugh only at nonsense and folly. He agreed, however, that both these qualities might become sometimes tiresome, but that pleasant must always be agreeable."

"My son joined in the laugh, for he is very good company, he always says as the rest do."

"This young man possesses two discomforts in a sovereign degree;—distrust and indecision."

"These good Provençals seem to think we love virtue as naturally as horses trot."

"I have thrown this thought into my letter, as it will not increase the postage."

"Her letters of ceremony (Madame —'s), are a kind of embroidery, in which there must be no *long stitches*. You and I should have enough to do if we made true lovers' knots of all our D's and L's, (dears and loves.)"

"There are some eyes that see nothing, there are others which let nothing escape them; tell me which of the two are the most tiresome and troublesome in an all-day-long associate?"

"You put me in mind of Hermione when she asks Orestes after he had killed Pyrrhus by her command, 'Who bade thee do it?' which, naturally enough, drives Orestes mad."

## TARTUFFE.

"I should be glad to know, said the king (Louis XIV.) to the prince, why the clergy, who are so violently offended with Moliere's comedy, have not a word to say against Scaramouch? The reason is plain, replied the prince; the comedy of Scaramouch only ridicules God and religion; whereas Moliere's Tartuffe ridicules themselves."

## DESCRIPTION OF A FETE.

"I have been at the wedding entertainment of Mad. de Louvois. How shall I describe it to you? Magnificence, illuminations, all the nobility of France, gold and silver tissues, brocades, diamonds, stoves, flower-pots, crowds of coaches, huzzas in the streets, lighted flambeaux, horses kicking, people trodden to death; in short, a whirlwind, a confusion; questions asked, without any answers; compliments paid, without knowing what was said, or to whom; and in the midst of all this hurricane, inquiries about your health, to which, as I was in no haste to reply, the inquirers remained (or went off,) equally contented with their ignorance."

## CHARACTER OF A SEA CAPTAIN.

"The good captain is so honest and so fierce, a bad conscience and a cool courage cannot abide him. He thinks he has a good title to abuse any man that is not as honest, and to beat any man that is not as valiant as himself. He hates every vice of nature but wrath, and every corruption of the times but tyranny. A patriot in his public character, but an absolute and angry monarch in his family; he thinks every man a fool in politics who is not angry, and a knave if he is not perverse."—*Mrs. Montague's Letters.*

"Those that have no wit, look upon it in another as an enemy; those that have, as a rival."—*Ibid.*

"The merry see their neighbours' faults, but the delicate feel them."—*Ibid.*

"I had a letter from Lady Andover, last week; I blushed to think how little I deserved it, but like the rest of the world, I received my good fortune with joy, notwithstanding that reflection."—*Ibid.*

"Many thanks for your letter. If I should tell you long expectation enhanced its value, it would encourage you in delay. What is always welcome, cannot come too soon, nor arrive too late; but pray endeavour to give the merit of greater frequency to your correspondence, rather than the charm of rarity to a particular letter."—*Ibid.*

"As for neighbours, have you any good enough for friends, and agreeable enough for companions? It but rarely happens that we are thrown by fortune in this respect, where we should be directed by choice."—*Ibid.*

"That so little is effected by most people, may be attributed much more to the waste and misapplication, than to the want of natural powers; and it will generally be found that usefulness of character depends more upon diligence than upon any thing else."—*Mrs. Fry.*

"Youth pursues happiness, but it is our riper age that enjoys it."

"Hardly anything distinguishes between good and evil but continuance. If good thoughts look into a wicked heart, they stay not there; the light that shines into a holy heart is constant, like that of the sun."—*Bishop Hall*.

#### CHARACTER OF A LATE EMINENT POET.

"His fancy is stronger than his reason; his apprehension greater than his comprehension. He perceives every thing but the relations of things to one another. The consequence is, that the general character of Mr. —'s intellect, is a restless and yet listless dissipation, which yields to every impulse, and is stopped by every obstacle."—*Edinb. Review*, No. 54.

#### MAL-A-PROPOS PERSON.

"The little Henrietta appears to sit down to her piano at the very moment one wishes to hear her play, but this boy seems to wait till the moment when all the clocks in the city are striking, to begin his musical contribution."—*La Fontaine*.

#### VOLTAIRE IN HIS OLD AGE ON THE BIBLE.

"You ask me what you ought to read, as sick people inquire what they ought to eat, but it is necessary to have an appetite in both cases, and you have but little appetite and a great deal of *taste*. Happy those who are hungry enough to devour the Old Testament! It is the most precious monument of antiquity."—*Letter to Mad. du Deffard*.

"Galen was converted by his dissections, and could not but own a Supreme Being upon a survey of this his handy-work."—*Addison*.

### FRIGHTFUL AVALANCHE IN THE ALPS.

IN a curve of the road, where an indentation in the mountain formed a recess, the villagers halted after the fatigues of the ascent, in order, by a few minutes' rest, to fortify their strength and spirits for the remainder of their journey, which still presented considerable difficulties. They were congratulating themselves upon having passed the most dangerous part of the road, and calculating the time when they should be in the presence of their families with lightened hearts and moistening eyes. While thus exchanging the feelings which such tender anticipations had awakened, a slight crackling noise was heard, as if proceeding from the summit of the hill up the slope of which they had been so anxiously labouring. This was followed by a faint hissing sound, when suddenly the air became violently compressed, and they were the next instant forced to the earth by a rapid and irresistible concussion. The light was obscured as if by some supernatural agency, and in another moment the terrific avalanche had overwhelmed sixteen of their number, and filled up the entire cavity upon the precipitous brink of which they had been so recently standing.

After the shock subsided, it was found that three of the party having kept at some distance behind their companions, had escaped the frightful catastrophe by which the majority were so unexpectedly overtaken; although, however, fortunately for them, when the avalanche fell they were beyond its reach, they had, nevertheless, been forced to the earth by the pressure of the compressed air, caused by the extreme rapidity of the descent of a mass so prodigious, and presenting such an immense extent of surface. Only a small portion of the loose snow, detached from the main body as the latter was precipitated from the

height above, had fallen above their prostrate bodies, so that they rose from the earth unscathed.

The three men, on gaining their feet, were struck with dismay at perceiving that their companions had been borne over the precipice by the mighty and irresistible sweep of the avalanche. The wind, which now whistled dolefully down the mountain side, whirling in a strong eddy upon the surface of the snow which had just been released from the more elevated point of the hills, carried off the looser particles, and raising them into the misty air, unexpectedly exposed a human arm. With great difficulty one of the survivors approached the spot, and rescued his perishing companion, who, although already in a state of stupefaction from the shock of the avalanche, was soon restored to consciousness and to animation by those summary processes with which the inhabitants of intensely cold regions are universally familiar. This had scarcely been accomplished, when a low moaning was heard to proceed from under the ledge which here formed the path round the hill, and beetled over the ravine beneath, now filled up with ice and uncompacted snow; it was found to proceed from one of the sufferers, whom the avalanche in its rapid descent had borne from the pathway above. It appears that the disturbed air, caused by the extreme velocity of the falling mass, acted upon by the wind, had produced a vortex as the snow was precipitated, within the influence of which the mountaineer happened to be impelled; he was, by the violent gyration, thrown into a huge cleft in the side of the precipice, where he was left without any other injury than a few severe bruises. He was soon rescued from his jeopardy, but, after a fruitless search, the melancholy conviction remained to the survivors that fourteen of their companions had perished. This occurrence took place a few years ago.—*Polytechnic Journal*.

### AMERICAN VARIETIES.—No. XII.

THE FAMILY OF LOGUES.—The crier of a neighbouring country-court was, upon a certain occasion, required to go to the court-house door, and, as is usual in the absence of a witness, to call out for "Philip Logue," one of the sons of Erin, who was summoned in a case then pending. The man of the baton accordingly, stepping to the door, sung out, at the top of his voice, "Philip Logue!"—A wag of a lawyer happening to be passing at the time, whispered in his ear, "Epilogue, also." "Epi Logue," sung out the crier. "Decalogue," said the lawyer, in an under tone. "Deca Logue," again sung out the crier at the top of his voice. "Apologue," whispered the lawyer. "Apo Logue," reiterated the crier, at the same time expostulating with the lawyer, "You certainly want the whole family of the Logues." "Prologue," said the persevering lawyer. "Pro Logue," rung again through the hall of the court-house, from the stentorian lungs of the public crier, attracting the attention of every body, and shocking even the tympanum of the dignitaries on the bench themselves; who, not understanding the cause of his vociferousness, despatched the sheriff, with all haste, to stop the constable from the further summonses of the family of the Logues.

Marriage is necessary for man's happiness—for true formation of his character—for the peace of his home—the comfort of his heart—the joy of his youth, and the solace of his years.

Several gentlemen were viewing a very small horse, when one of the company observed that he had never seen so small a horse before. An Irishman present, declared that he did not think him a little horse at all; "for," said he, "I have seen a horse as little as two of him!"



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## THE POWER OF MUSIC.

Look to where yon village spire  
Points to the ethereal sky,  
Fit emblem of the house of prayer,  
Directing souls to realms on high.  
Draw near and listen to the peal,  
The deep-toned note of organ's voice,  
Which rises as some mourner's wail,  
Anon as spirits that rejoice.  
The King of kings is worshipped there,  
By no mere mortal heart or tongue;  
Methinks that seraph angels share  
The sacred anthem of the throng.  
But see! a stranger passes by—  
His pace is slackened—pausing now,  
He listens with a deep-drawn sigh,  
The sounds which thus so sweetly flow.  
He yet remains—with ear intent,  
He lists the holy, heaven-born strain,—  
Now gives his secret feelings vent,  
And sobs, and draws his breath in pain.  
Why does he weep? why stands he there?  
Why loiters he without the church?  
Dares he not enter house of prayer?  
Fears he to pass the sacred porch?  
Perhaps a votary of crime,  
For years devotion's heavenly notes  
He has not heard; to him the chime  
Of sacred anthem strangely floats!  
His thoughts are full of other days—  
Of days when free from deed of crime,  
He trod in virtue's sun-lit ways,  
And dreamed with hope of distant time.  
As now the sacred strain his ear  
Charms with a mournful, plaintive wail,  
Sad memory weeps o'er mother's bier,  
Who loved the love that parents feel.  
He hears as 'twere the lullaby  
That closed his infant eyes in sleep—  
He hears again the anxious sigh,  
As thoughts of future made her weep.  
While thus sweet supplication pours  
In sounds that lift the heart from earth,  
In fancy's range return those hours,  
When at her knee *he* prayer poured forth.  
And when with lisp he cried "Amen!"  
To words which begged for virtue's power,  
He hears the fond response again,  
"Heaven shield thee in the evil hour."  
But now the measure wilder grows,  
Imparting throes of terror dread,  
He looks as if his guilty woes  
Would end—and justice strike him dead.  
But no! again in plaintive sound  
It quells the pains his soul had riven,  
He trembling kneels upon the ground—  
He prays—repents—and is forgiven.

GEORGIUS.

## VARIETIES.

**BELLARMINE.**—Cardinal Bellarmine, one of the most learned and upright of his order, whom Pope Sixtus V. condemned for not going far enough in the assertion of papal power, attempts to prove, from a comparison of Acts x. 13, "Rise, Peter, kill and eat," with John xxi. 16, that the duty of the pope, as the successor of Peter, is to put heretics to death!—*Nichols.*

**DIET OF CHILDREN.**—There is no greater error in the management of children than that of giving them animal diet very early. To feed an infant with solid animal food before it has teeth proper for masticating, shows a total disregard to the plain indications of nature in withholding teeth suited to this purpose, until the age at which the system requires solid food. Before that time, milk, farinaceous food, and animal broths, afford that kind of sustenance which is at once best suited to the digestive organs and to the nutrition of the system.—*Sir James Clark on Consumption.*

**PROVIDENCE.**—There are some links in the chain of Providence that seem not well to hang together, and yet even these are so ordered by the great Artificer, that they most forcibly draw in one the other. And as we see the wheels of a clock or watch move all with contrary motions to each other, and yet by these contrary motions they make it go right; so likewise all the contrary motions and revolutions that we see in those inferior engines are so nicely contrived by the First Cause and Mover of them all, that however odd and perplexed they may appear, yet they are all subservient to each other, and to the regular proceeding of God's design: the great machine of the world would not go right, if they should move otherwise.—*Bishop Hopkins.*

**SAREPTA.**—This village, about half-way between Tyre and Sidon, is distinctly seen on the summit of a mountain. Though humble in point of appearance, it has been eminently distinguished as the residence of the prophet Elijah, where, during a famine in Israel, a widow, who had presented her little all to the prophet, from her barrel of meal, was rewarded in a manner as bountiful as miraculous,—an act which subsequently received a still higher recompense, by the restoration of life to her only child, in answer to Elijah's prayer. The altitude of this place brings to mind an observation that dropped from the lips of our Redeemer (Matt. v. 14). The vines here have been celebrated, and remind us of that abundance which fell to the lot of Judah, in the blessing he received from Jacob, metaphorically represented by washing his garments in wine, and clothes in the blood of grapes. Noah was the first who cultivated this fruit, and experienced its intoxicating quality. The wine of Sarepta is so very powerful that the strongest person can drink but little of it.—*Rae Wilson's Travels.*

**JAMES WATT'S BOYHOOD.**—A friend of Mr. Watt one day came upon young James, stretched upon the ground, tracing with chalk all sorts of cross lines. "Why do you suffer this child thus to trifle away his time?" exclaimed the visitor; "send him to school." "You will do well to delay your judgment," said the father; "before-condemning him, be good enough to find out his occupation." The harsh judgment was speedily reversed. The child of six was solving a problem in geometry. "James," said Mrs. Muirhead, one day, to her nephew, "I never saw any boy more given to trifling than you are; can't you take a book, and employ yourself usefully? There have you been sitting a whole hour without speaking a single word. Do you know what you have been about all this time? You have done nothing but shut and open, and open and shut, the lid of the tea-kettle: and first, you have put the saucer in the steam from the spout, and then you have held the silver tea-spoon in it; and then you have done nothing but pore over them, and bring together the drops formed by condensation on the surface of the china or the clear spoon. Aren't you ashamed of spending your time in that way?"—*M. Arago's Eloge.*

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